

PS 3511

L 83 I 4

1922

PS 3511
L83 I4
922
opy 1

Idle Times Spent in Rhymes



115

By MARY HAZEL FLOYD

COPYRIGHT 1922

Chapman & Hall, New York, 1922

© CLA 686162

OCT -9 1922

PS 3511
L 8347
1922



Mary Hazel Floyd

LIBERTY

Our hearts cr yout with joy
There's peace thruout the world,
Tho in years of peace or war
Forever be our flag unfurled.

Liberty a flaming torch aloft
Of justice patriotism and love
Burning bright and likened to
The screaming eagle that soars
above.

We love the stars and stripes
Because o fthe things they stand,
Liberty and justice above all else
We desire for this beautiful land.

May liberty and justice reign supreme
And long may old glory wave,
And forever shall it be protected
By heroes of the brave.

Our nation strong and bold
And brave on land o rsea,
We'll defend it with our lives
Our nation shall be free.

Liberty bell ring on, ring on,
Till it echoes round the world,
And liberty be its message
From the stars and stripes unfurled.

Old Glory shall forever wave
And tyranny never be.
Our lives we pledge and give
To keep our nation free.

EASTER

Let joy alone fill your heart,
And thought of Christ and love
For him who died upon the cross
For him who'se risen up above

Let's not think only of flowers
And colored eggs on Easter day
But of our Saviors guiding hand
To cling to all the weary way.

Even the lillies in their purity
Whisper he is risen up above,
They know how great his sacrifice
His sacrifice of purest love.

SAILOR BOY

Oh sailor boy hail to thee
Who so bravely sails the sea,
You stand in uniform of blue
For your country staunch and true.

Oh sailor boy so far from home,
O'er the boundless sea you roam,
How fearlessly you sail the sea,
That our country might be free.

Oh sailor boy haste the time
When you return to freedom's clime,
Happy then will be your life
When peace has ended bloody strife.

Oh sailor boy brave and true
Who sails the ocean deep and blue,
Away from those so near your heart,
Indeed you are so far apart.

Oh sailor boy you'd never run
But stand ready at your gun,
Alert you are but always grin,
You will either die or win.

Oh sailor boy your heart will yearn
For the time when you return
Across the ocean deep and blue
To friends who are sincere and true.

Oh sailor boy so far away
But you'll come home some day,
Boundless then will be our joy,
Haste the time oh sailor boy.

THE MORNING SUN

Poets rave about the beauty,
Of the golden sunset scene,
But the radiance of the sunrise
Is the fairest thing I've seen.

Oh the splendor of the morning
As the sun comes into view,
The meadows grassy slope
Glistening with the morning dew.

There can be no fairer scene
Than the early morning sun,
It radiantly with splendor sings
When the day is just begun.

When the evening shadows fall
We think of rest to come,
But the early morning sun
Whispers of work to be done.

CHILDHOOD REVRIES

When I was a mere kid,
Just a little strip of a tad,
I must a' been cause ma said
For a kid I'se awful bad.
Ma wanted me to be a good kid,
You know her pride and joy,
But I sure missed my calling
'Cause I ought to been a boy.

My hair was long and hung
In pigtails down my back,
Till I git the scissors one day
And cut it all off awhack,
Now that made ma awful mad,
And she clipped it off real close
And said I must stay home
Till my hair begins and grows.

We had a donkey at one time
It bit me in the back,
Hurt my shoulder awful bad
And made it blue and black,
I'd run the hogs for fun,
Git on and try to ride,
They must a got too hot
For one laid down and died.

For me to be a good child
Was ma's allurs constant wish
I went down to the creek once
And brought back some crawfish,
I put them in the dishwater,
I thought they'd git ma's hand,
They did, and then you can bet
I got my little jacket tanned.

I tried to make the chickens swim
And drowned all but three,
As usual ma found that out
And she surely laid it onto me,
When I got up the proper size
Ma said I should go to school,
But the teacher didn't do to suit me
And I never liked her rule.

A BLUE STAR CHANGED TO GOLD

Oh the pain and the misery
And the anguish that is never told,
When the little star upon the flag,
Is changed from blue to shining gold..

The star that turned to gold
When someone mid the battle strife
Answered the call to come home,
He fought, he fell, he gave his life.

Oh the misery and the awful pain,
That no tears will e'er efface,
Of a face in the golden star,
Forever smiling through space.

There's a vision in that holy star,
No pain or tears can ever dim
Of a soldier dying over there
And comrades lying all about him.

Oh dying boy on the battlefield
Could I to my arms enfold
But I can only clasp a flag
With a blue star changed to gold.

Oh little flag in the window there
With a star that once was blue,
That told of a soldier over there
A soldier that was brave and true.

A soldier bowed to the beast of war
As the scythe of death he wields
One more star changed to gold,
One more cross in Flanders fields.

A FADED FLOWER

In a book I've found
An olden memory
Just a faded flower
But in memory dear to me.

Just a loving mento,
Of the sweet long ago,
Whether is the giver
I really do not know.

Oh faded flower to me,
Sweet memory you recall,
Of happy blissful days
In the golden dreamy fall.

DAUGHTERS OF AMERICA

Daughters of America, press on,
With your noble cause be bold,
Keep old Glory flaunting high
And your public schools uphold.

Press on with your noble cause
Daughters of America I commend,
Your schools uphold and Bible cherish
Pledged your nation to defend.

Daughters of America, press on,
Flaunt your principles on high,
Put the Bible in your schools
And keep old Glory in the sky.

Workers for a noble cause, press on,
Let nothing daunt your enthusiasm
Cling to your flag and the Bible
And bonds of Love, Loyalty and
Patriotism.

Daughters of America staunch and true
Patriotic and loyal are they,
Pressing forward for the right,
As should every D. of A.

CROSS OF CALVARY

Upon the cross of Calvary
The Savior died to set me free,
His blood has washed my sins away,
How much the Lord has done for me.

My blessed Savior's gone before
He will prepare a home for me,
I will follow in his footsteps
For his blood has made me free.

Won't we forsake the paths of sin?
When for us he gave his life,
That we might from sin be free
And step aside from paths of strife.

Upon the blessed cross of Calvary
With a crown of thorns upon his head,
The Savior gave his life for us,
And now he's risen from the dead.

He's gone a home to prepare,
In the wonderful land of love,
Where we'll reign supreme with him
In the land of eternal light above.

JUST ACROSS THE RIVER

(Opposite Portsmouth)

I stand in old Kentucky
And think how kind is fate,
To permit me such a vision
Of the grand old buckeye state.

Words fail me or I would express
The beauty of this wonderous scene,
But I have no words to tell you
Of the beauty I have seen.

Up and down the river bank
There's a city fair to me,
Beyond the acres broad and fair
The valley and the hills I see.

I watch the rivers wending way
I see a big excursion boat,
I see a throng of people there
And hear the music of the caliope

I look around me over here
And I call this natures lands,
Across the river over there
I see a city built by hands.

As I gaze across the river,
The Ohio deep and wide,
I think how fair a scene
Just over on the other side.

SCHOOL DAYS

The teacher always picked on me,
What made her do it I can't say,
I'll bet she stood me in the corner
As much as twenty times a day.

She saw me draw her picture on the wall
And then I thought it was a sin,
She drew a ring upon the blackboard
And made me put my nose therein.

Sometimes she put me on a stool,
And made me wear the dunce cap.
Guess she thought I'd feel ashamed
But I didn't give a snap.

One day I got it back on her,
For the way she'd treated me,
I wrote a verse upon the board
And signed my name you see.

"An old buzzard flew up from the south
With our teacher in his mouth,
Don't you think he was a fool
To drop her here to teach our school."

She didn't have to ask who wrote it,
Cause right there was my name,
When she sent and got a hickory
I thought it was a shame.

I knew I'd get it then,
And not be long about it,
She gave it free and freely,
And don't you never doubt it.

I don't know why I was so bad,
Most every day I'd have a fight,
I always picked 'em young'r'n me
And teacher said it wasn't right.

I tried to get her point of view
But to save my life I couldn't see
No fun in tackling some big stiff
Who could peel three like me.

When ~~v~~acation time comes round,
You bet yer' life I'se always glad,
* *

Now when I think of old school days
I always feel a little sad.

MOTHER

My heart is filled with tenderness
For you Oh mother of mine,
I cannot tell my love for you
In this simple little rhyme.

You nursed my childhood woes
Kissed my sorrows all away,
Your tender hand was always near
To soothe my head when tired of play.

I looked to you for all my comfort
And mother dear you never failed,
You made me think of brighter things
If a broken toy my heart bewailed.

In later years when I grew up,
Mother mine, you were my comfort still
You have straightened out my troubles
With your kind and patient will.

Mother when you have older grown
May I your comfort always be
And soothe your troubles all away,
As through my life you've gone for me.

FAREWELL TO THE SOUTH

I bid the sunny south good bye,
To the snowy north I go,
Exchange a land of sunshine
For one of ice and snow.

I have bid my friends farewell,
On my journey now I speed,
Whirling past familiar scenes,
Fields of cotton, grain and feed.

The little towns, I know so well,
Will soon be left behind,
Others to compare with these
I'm sure I shall not find.

When I am far away
And days are long and drear,
My thought will turn to memory
I have in mind so clear.

My journey seems so long to me,
I am going far away,
Never more will I return
Along this pleasant way.

I'll try to like the chilly north
I soon shall call my home
Love it as I have the south
And care no more to roam.

UPON THE HILL

Just out of the city is a hill
It stands in its majesty there,
You can see from its lofty heights
The city below so bright and fair.

Upon the hill above the city,
There's a fragrant breath of spring,
Where the violets bloom so modest
And the birds so joyously sing.

There's a long and narrow trail
Awinding up the highest hill,
Away from the grind of the city,
Where I can wander alone at will.

I follow up that winding trail
And pick the modest violet there,
Up to the height of the hill I climb
And breathe the fragrance in the air.

Below me is the busy city,
There's throngs of people on the street,
And speeding cars go flashing by,
Up here the air is pure and sweet.

So often when I'm busy there
Upon the hill I fain would go
Where I could rest my weary mind
And leave the city far below.

THE MOONLIGHT TRAIL

The long long trail is calling me
Out into the beautiful night,
There I'll revel under the stars,
Under the moon of pale silver white.

Oh where will I find the key
To the forbidden city of dreams
That beckons me on from afar
Faintly calling thru' the moonbeams.

The dewsprinkled beckoning highway
Murmurs of dreams to come true,
Just over the hill thru the lane
And the meadows asparkle with dew.

The night is sighing and singing
Luring me on over the highway,
Thru the windblown beckoning night,
And the dew glistening meadows of hay.

The spell of the great outdoors
Flows as wine in my veins,
Moonlight on the grassy meadows
Sparkling with dew drops of rain.

The road that winds on forever
And the night, Oh what a night,
I shall follow the long long trail
Under the moon of pale silverwhite.

LOVE'S COURSE

The judge has performed the ceremony,
The last good byes have been said,
Mid the showers of rice and old shoes
On their honeymoon journey they sped.

They're gaily off on a flying start,
The imp of true love setting the pace,
Of the glorious days of their honeymoon
Time will never its memory efface.

Oh the days of their honeymoon bliss,
The glamour of love their delight,
The vows they took for loves' sake
Were, nothing their love could blight.

But as time flies heedlessly on,
Love slowly is drifting away,
Their illusions of life are shattered,
And love was the dream of another day.

Each wounding the pride of the other
Has brought the ache of dull care,
Each misunderstanding the other
And each thinking the other not fair.

Avoiding a crash is impossible now,
For the harshness of bitter words said,
Has ended it all between them forever,
The spirit of love has sorrowing fled.

When love has completely burned out,
Then the only remaining course,
Is to go down and engage an attorney,
Step into the courts and get a divorce.

WHEN THE BLUE BIRDS SING AGAIN

When the skies dark and heavy
And the clouds are bringing rain,
Lo the skies will brighten
When the blue birds sing again.

When the heart is heavy laden
And the teardrops token pain,
There will come a throb of joy
When the blue birds sing again.

Though the storms wage wildly
The darkest days will wane,
And the clouds show their silver lining,
When the blue birds sing again.

When the blossomed spring is here
And the birdies sing their sweet refrain,
The mellowed notes are sweeter
If the blue birds sing again.

THE DISILLUSIONED CITY

I am alone in a far away city,
Just a vastness of space to me,
The city that once I reveled in,
In a life of glitter and gaiety.

Now I am alone and lonely,
I've searched for the glitter again
That the city once held for me
But alas, I have searched in vain.

I've searched until I am tired,
But the imp of temptation has fled,
The glitter of life has tarnished,
My love for the city is dead.

The devious ways of the city
Have lost their attraction for me,
The glitter and tinsel has faded
And only the tarnish I see.

I am alone in a far away city,
There's no place I call my own,
The illusions of life have all faded,
And left me alone, all alone.

The city has lost its appeal to me,
I sigh as the evening shadows wan,
And look again for the tinsel aglitter,
But the lure of the city is gone.

MUSINGS

When winters winds so wildly blow
I sit and watch the cheerful glow
Of the fire that sparkles in the grate
And wonder as the night gets late.

In my musings I strive to find
Threads of memory to unwind,
Of my childhood long ago,
Hours spent on frolic to and fro.

Schooldays too are not forgotten,
Time spent at play and lesson rotten,
But learned more in later days
Which justly called for teachers praise.

Hours spent on golden dreams
But ever and anon it seems,
That castles always shattered are
Before they're built up very far.

As I watch the leaping flames,
I see friends some of their names
Are most forgotten, oh memory!
That stirs my heart within me.

Of days gone by so long ago,
Of summers sun and winters snow.
What do they bring as years go by?
We cannot know and yet we sigh.

My musings take me far away
From thoughts I meant my mind to stay.
I look into the fire and am afraid,
To think of all the changes time had made.

THE OHIO RIVER

The sunset on the river
In its splendor golden green,
How peaceful lies the water
Could there be a rarer scene?

The big bridge spans the river
As a rainbow spans the sky,
Green and gold the water ripples
As the big boat sails by.

Gold and purple hang the clouds
As the sun drops out of sight,
Oh the beauty of the river
As the evening's changed to night.

VICTORY LOAN APPEAL

Come on buy a Victory bond
You Americans who never slack,
Come on buy a bond to day
Help to bring our boys back.

Come on buy a victory bond
Buy a dozen if you can
Its for country and our boys
Be a loyal woman or man.

Come on buy a Victory bond
Help your uncle Sam, buy today,
Help pay off the debt of war
Won by boys so far away.

Come on buy a Victory bond,
Come on up and don't delay,
Come on, finish up your job
Show your patriotism while you may.

Come on up, don't be stingy
Remember it is just a loan,
For boys who fought and won
And are waiting anxious to be home.

So come on up buy a bond,
Bring our boys over the sea
Back to a home they love,
Land of the brave and the free.

Come on buy a victory bond,
Buy it if you possibly can,
Come on, do your patriotic duty,
Prove you are a true American.

EFFIE

Oh do not mourn for me
I am in a land so fair,
Where there is no pain or sorrow
And my life is free from care.

Time passes not to me
In a land of cloudless day,
I have tread the golden stair.
And entered heavens gateway.

Cease repining and remember
Through the day and the night,
With the angels I am waiting
In a robe of spotless white.

FAITH

There's a land so bright and fair
But the road is far and long,
That leads to the happy land
Where singing angels gaily throng.

Tho the way be long and weary
Theres a bright and shining light,
That leads your weary footsteps on
If your faith be ever bright.

If trouble and sin cling to you
Till you almost sink beside the way
Faith will lift your sorrowtorn soul
Into the land of perfect day.

Just follow his guiding footsteps
They will lead you safely home
Across the treacherous trail of sin
And you will care no more to roam.

Do you need a helping hand?
Why not leave the sinful way?
Go with him to a home above,
Take up your cross and start today.

I shall take him at his words,
Of whosoever will may come
And go rejoicing on my way
For my soul from sin is won.

Thru faith alone I follow on
Up the long and narrow way
That leads on into the land
Of a bright and eternal day.

GOLDEN RULES

Hate and jealousy pass them by,
They can only sorrow bring,
The nettles flower may be white
But don't forget the sting.

If your neighbor talks about another
Pass her by with this in mind,
While she's friendly to your face
If you're gone a fault she'll find.

If you should hear a story
About your foe or friend,
Do not pass it on to others
But with you let it end.

Try to follow the golden rule
Always let your motto be
"Do unto others as I would
That they should do unto me."

THE FLAG UPON THE HILL

Upon the hill there's a flag,
That's waving all the day,
It tells us of a grave,
Of someone gone away.

He served the grand old flag
And then went home to rest
We are left behind sad and lonely
While he's waiting with the blest.

I look upon the hill and see
The wave of the red, white and blue,
That tells of a soldier gone to rest,
A soldier who was brave and true.

There's a mother left behind,
A darling mother old and gray,
As she sees the colors waving there
She mourns for him who went away.

There's a father aged and worn,
Whose eyes are dimmed with tears,
For a son so young to go,
Just four and twenty years.

There's the flag upon the hill
The colors tried and true,
Stripes of crimson red and snowy white,
And shining stars upon the blue.

We look upon the grassy hill
Where the grand old colors wave
But it makes us sad to think
It tells us of a soldier's grave.

PINCHING SHOES

I flaunt a handsome pair of shoes
Of dark and lovely chocolate brown,
Tho I almost have to limp a little
As I go walking over the town.

Just to see those pretty shoes,
You would never know the pain
Of that ache and hateful pinch,
But I'll wear them over again.

Others do admire my shoes I'm sure,
And of course how proud I feel,
While in my heart I cry with pain
Oh my blistered aching heel.

The pain of a blistered heel
Just hurts for days and days,
But how very stylish are my shoes
So it must be fashions ways.

What makes me follow fashion's creed
When in my heart I would refuse,
But society demands I wear them
So I put on my pinching shoes.

Those shoes my pride and joy,
Of course they must be worn,
If someone should say they hurt
I would answer no, with scorn.

And they are so very stylish,
I guess that's why I choose
To go along with a blistered heel
In a pair of new brown shoes.

BIRTHDAY WISHES

Dear heart to you I send
On your birthday flowers of love,
My thoughts turn to you
As if on the wings of a dove.

My wish to you on this day
Is for friends sincere and true,
May your life be always smiles
And time bring only joy to you.

My loving wish to you dear heart
That flowers may bloom thru lifes way
Sincerest love so warm and true,
I send on this your birthday.

The fairest flowers that blow
In the glittering morning dew,
And the dearest treasurer on earth
Is my birthday wish to you.

A VISION

I saw a vision in the air,
It was very clear to me,
If you will receive the message
You will from sin be free.

For the vision plainly said,
If you will repent and pray,
Put your faith and trust in him,
Your sins will all be washed away.

In the vision there's our father
And the lamb caught in the briars,
Which represents the human soul
Sank deep into the sinful mires.

The little lamb lost and alone,
From the fold had strayed away
When he cries out to the master
He will come by night or day.

So if we sink in sands of sin,
We must repent, have faith and pray,
He will lend a helping hand,
If we trust him all the way.

WESTERN STARS

Oh light of a western star,
That beckons to me from afar,
Oh star with a silvery gleam
Out there in the desert sheen.

Under skies so bright and blue,
Where the stars whisper to you
You breathe the fragrant desert air
And wonder why life is so fair.

Oh land of the great southwest,
Where the soul of man may rest,
Away from the gleam of a city's light,
Alone out there in the starry night.

Out there where the cactus grows
And the sands of the desert blows,
As you follow the desert trail
You can hear the coyote wail.

When it's near the close of day
I long to be so far away,
Away from the glint of speeding cars,
Out under the gleaming western stars.

Oh western land of cactus bloom
You could soon dispell my gloom,
Could I but cross the sandbars
Under the light of western stars.

HOW I MET HIM

I'll tell you how I met him
My soldier boy you know,
This may seem very strange
But nevertheless it's so.
I'd had some photos made
And went back to see my proof
And in the photo gallery
I met a soldier youth.

I'd had a slight accident
Doing an acrobatic thing
And knocked my arm out of place
And carried it in a sling,
Now this touched his sympathy,
He asked for the cause of it all,
I told him how it happened
Explaining the cause of my fall.

One word called for another,
He suggested we go to a show,
We went afternoon and night,
He didn't depart till late you know,
When the witching hour of twelve
Draws near it is getting late
And romance comes floating in
Who knows the hand of fate?

He told me of the old Kentucky home,
Half seriously half in fun,
He asked to take me there where
We'd watch the golden setting sun.
Half seriously half in fun
I answered yes I'd like to go
I cannot tell you all about it
But nevertheless it happened so.

We took a chance each on the other
And one week later we were wed,
And no lamb more willingly
Was ever to the altar led,
Together we will sail life's sea,
On our journey we will start
Both will trust each the other
Vowing never more to part.

TWO COMRADES

Over there in the trenches
While the battle fiercely raged,
Two soldiers fought side by side
While the cannon spit and blazed.

One went dashing over the top,
In the height of the battle fray,
Fortune of chance had favored him
And guided him all the way

He came back a noted hero
A medal of bravery on his coat
The other lies beneath the sod
And one returned a man of note.

The other sank beside the way
When a bullet pierced his heart,
How sad to hear his comrade tell,
Of the way they had to part.

After the battle fought and won,
Our hero found his comrade there
His gun and gas mask lying near,
He held a lock of golden hair.

A tiny Bible and a photograph
Was pressed close to his heart,
That told his dying thoughts
Were of God and someone far apart.

There's a cross in Flanders fields,
That tell of a soldier gone before,
His gun and gas mask left behind,
For he'll never need them any more.

TO THE BOYS IN FRANCE

A tribute I pay to the boys,
The boys far over the sea,
They who fought for their country
That the world might be free.

How bravely fought and fell,
And their lives they freely gave,
Their greatest thought and only aim
Was to their country save.

Some of them will not return,
In France their bodies will remain,
But their spirits surely know,
Their sacrifice was not in vain.

DAILY VACATION BIBLE SCHOOL

See the happy children gather
Daily at the Glenwood school,
Something different going on,
Tis Vacation Bible School!

Teachers, pastors all united,
Working hand in hand together,
Teaching little children Jesus,
Heeding not the sultry weather.

See the eager children waiting
Anxious for their morning talk,
Learning more about the master,
How to close beside him walk.

How to sing and praise him too,
How to trust him all the way,
Teachers guiding helping hand,
Teaching children how to pray.

Taught in their respective rooms
How to work and how to play,
How to get the most of life
Playing fair in every way.

Learning useful things as well
How to bind and how to sew,
How to whittle out of wood,
And how to make the sailboats go.

How to sew an even seam,
How to cut and how to baste,
And the scrapbooks dandy made
From the learning how to paste.

And the games they've learned to play
Striving always to be fair,
For playing isn't any fun
Unless you play upon the square.

How to fair and even be,
How to follow the golden rule,
These are part of many things
Learned in wonderful Bible school.

The teachers, pastors work together
Teaching Christ with one accord,
United prayers sent up together
Answered by our Christ and Lord.

With supervision from afar,
God's inspiration sent her here
To help New Boston's Bible school,
May she help us every year.

If temptation step beside you,
Ignore it with contempt cool,
And remember things you've learned,
Learned in wonderful Bible school.

Chapman & Kennedy, *Printers*
Portsmouth, Ohio



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 873 399 7